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MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

THE QUAKER'S BURIAL.

"If moral charity dare claim
The Almighty's attributed name,
Inscribe above his mould'ring clay—
"The widow's shield, the orphan's stay."

Sir Walter Scott.

It was in the twilight of an autumnal evening, that a stranger, who had just returned from a long sojourn in a foreign land, found himself traversing one of the most quiet and unfrequented streets of Bristol. Busied in the reflections which the sober thoughted hour is apt to produce—musing on past scenes and early friends, the dead and the distant, the crouds he knew, the only one he loved—he found himself, on a sudden, making one in a procession, who were apparently, discharging the last office that a man requires of his fellow. Indifferent to the event, the stranger allowed himself to be carried forward with the multitude, and it was not till he had entered a large unadorned building, and was seated on one of the benches which were ranged along the wall, that he became conscious that he was within a Quaker's Meeting, the witness of a Quaker's burial.

To a mind sated with the luxury and pageantry of the east, the scene was new and interesting; and it might be—the recollection of some hidden gangrene of the soul made the wanderer exclaim in a kind of mental soliloquy, as he gazed on the placid faces of the Friends around him—"Oh! had I my life to live over again, what a different creature would I be." He closed his reverie. The society two and two, slowly walked up the centre, and seated themselves at the upper end of the building. A plain unornamented deal coffin, containing the remains of their late brother, was then solemnly borne up the middle aisle, and placed in full view of the assembly.—One of the society then rose and made a brief request for silence. To the credit of the crowded assemblage, it was instantly and strictly complied with.—There could hardly be a scene more touching than the profound and deathlike stillness which now reigned throughout the building, and nothing more subduing than the simple yet imposing spectacle which it presented.

Ranged round the coffin of him who had been so suddenly called on to exchange the illusions of earth for the realities of eternity, were those who had been the partakers of his hopes, his privileges and his faith; while behind were seen, in unaffected sadness, those whom his bounty had relieved, his support encouraged, his advice consoled, and his example guided. True, the sublimer service of our church was wanting—no notes of the swelling organ came bursting on the ear—and no proclamations were heard of titles and styles of those who are then alike insensible to praise and censure:—but there was something inexpressibly affecting in the silence which pervaded the whole assembly, so deep, so unbroken, that the ticking of the clock was distinctly audible, and that the ear was startled even by a stifled sob, which here and there burst from those feelings that were beyond control.

A female friend shortly arose and addressed the multitude. "She could not but suppose that curiosity had attracted a considerable portion of her auditors. Still, even these might derive some useful lesson—might derive some improvement from the scene. The most thoughtless might listen to the voice of instruction, the most inconsiderate to the dictates of truth." She then pointed our energetic, yet unaffected language, the beauty and nobleness of a christian life, and with a brief eulogium on the benevolence of the deceased [more indeed with the view of exciting the emulation of the living, than making of an ostentatious display of the dead] closed her pithy address.

The most fastidious critic might have dwelt with admiration on the graceful action of the speaker; and have listened with delight to the melody of that voice which spoke peace to the soul; while the earnestness of the Quaker's manner, in which her subject occasionally betrayed her, seemed to give an unusually animated expression to a countenance, where every thing else was calm and tranquil. She ceased—and the procession moved slowly towards the grave. Yet,even there,while the body of their brother was lowering into his narrow dwelling,no expression of turbulent sorrow disturbed the solemnity of the scene. Religion had given her tranquilizing hue to all around her. Chastened sadness was the prevailing feature of the community, as they, one by one, took the "last long look:" but every expression of vain and selfish regret was excluded from those placid countenances, which no anxiety appeared to have power to ruffle, no calamity to be able to disturb.

Miscellaneous.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

MARY MORRISON.

Never had Mary Morrison heard the old ballad airs sung, except during the mid day hour of rest, in the corn or hay field—and rude singers are they all—whether male or female voices—although sometimes with a touch of natural pathos that finds its way to the heart. But as the nightingale would sing truly its own beautiful song, although it never were to hear any one of its own kind warbling from among the shrub roots, so all untaught but by the nature within her, and inspired by her own delightful genius alone, did Mary Morrison feel all the measures of those ancient melodies, and give to them all an expression at once simple and profound, People that said they did not care about music—especially Scottish music, it was so monotonous and insipid—laid aside their indifferent looks before three notes of the simplest air had left Mary Morrison's lips, as she sat faintly blushing, less in bashfulness than in her own soul's emotion, with her little hands playing perhaps with flowers, and her eyes fixed on the ground, or raised, ever and anon, in the dewy light of a beautiful enthusiasm, to the skies. "In all common things," would most people say, "she is but a very ordinary girl—but her musical turn is really very singular indeed;"—but her happy father and mother knew, that in all the common things—that is in all the duties of a humble and innocent life, their Mary was by nature excellent, as in the melodies and harmonies of song—and that while her voice in the evening psalm was an angel's sweet,so was her spirit almost pure as an angel's, and nearly inexperienced of sin.

Proud, indeed, were her parents on that May-day to look upon her—and to listen to her—as their Mary sat beside the young English boy—admired of all observers—and happier than she had ever been in this world before, in the charm of their blended music, and the unconscious affection—sisterly, yet more than sisterly—for brother she had none—that towards one so kind and noble was yearning at her heart.

Beautiful were they both; and when they sat side by side in their music, insensible must that heart have been by whom they were not both admired and beloved. It was thought that they loved one another too, too well, for Harry Wilton was the grandson of an English Peer, and Mary Morrison a peasant's child; but they could not love too well,—she in her tenderness,—he in his passion,—for with them, life and love was a delightful dream, out of which they were never to be awakened,—for, as if by some secret sympathy, both sickened on the same day,—of the same fever,—and died at the same hour;—and not from any dim intention of those who buried them, but accidentally, and because the burial ground of the Minister and the Elder adjoined, were they buried almost in the same grave, for not half a yard of daized turf divided them—a curtain between the beds on which brother and sister slept!

In their delirium they both talked about each other—Mary Morrison and Harry Wilton—yet their words were not words of love, only of common kindness; for, although on their death beds, still they did not talk about death, but frequently about that May-day Festival, and other pleasant meetings in neighbors' houses, or in the Manse. Mary sometimes rose up in bed, and in imagination joined her voice to that of the flute, that to his lips was to breathe no more! and even at the very self same moment—so it wonderfully was—did he tell all to be hushed, for that Mary Morrison was about to sing the Flowers of the Forest.

Methinks that no deep impressions of the past, although haply they may sleep for ever, and be as if they had ceased to be, are ever utterly obliterated; but that they may, one and all, reappear at some hour or other, however distant, legible as at the very moment they were first engraved on the memory. Not by the power of meditation are the long ago vanished thoughts or emotions restored to us, in which we found delight or disturbance; but of themselves do they seem to arise, not undesired indeed, but unbidden, like seabirds that come unexpectedly floating up into some inland vale, because, unknown to us who wonder at them, the tide is flowing and the breezes blow from the main. Bright as the living image of my own daughter stands now before me the ghost—for what else is it than the ghost—of Mary Morrison, just as she stood before me on one particular day,—in one particular place, more than twenty years ago! It was at the close of one of those mid-summer days which melt away into twilight, rather than into night, although the stars are visible, and bird and beast asleep. All by herself as she walked along between the braes, was she singing a hymn—

And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must those feeble limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

Not that the child had any thought of death, for she was as full of life as the star about her was of lustre,—tamed though they both were by the holy hour. At my bidding she renewed the strain that had ceased as we met, and continued to sing it while we parted, her voice dying away in the distance, like an angel's from a broken dream. Never heard I that voice again, for in three little weeks it had gone, to be extinguished no more, to join the heavenly choirs at the feet of the Redeemer.

Did both her parents lose all love to life, when their sole daughter was taken away? and did they die finally with broken hearts? No—such is not the natural working of the human spirit, if kept in repair by pure and pious thought. Never were they so happy indeed as they had once been—nor was their happiness of the same kind—but different, oh! different far in resignation that often wept when it did not repine, and in faith that now held, since their child was there, a tenderer commerce with the skies! Smiles were not very long of being again seen at Mount Pleasant. An orphan cousin of Mary's—they had been as sisters—took her place, and filled it too, as far as the living can ever fill the place of the dead. Common cares continued for a while to occupy the elder and his wife, for there were not a few to whom their substance was to be a blessing. Ordinary observers could not have discerned any abatement of his activities in field or market; but others saw that the toil to him was now but a duty that had formerly been a delight. When the lease of Mount Pleasant was out, the Morrisons retired to a small house, with a garden, a few hundred yards from the kirk. Let him be strong as a giant, infirmities often come on the hard-working man before you can well call him old. It was so with Adam Morrison. He broke down fast, I have been told, in his sixtieth year, and after that partook but of one single sacrament. Not in tales of fiction alone do those who have long loved and well, lay themselves down and die in each other's arms. Such happy deaths are recorded on humble tomb-stones; and there is one on which this inscription may be read—"*Here lie the bodies of Adam Morrison and of Helen Armour his Spouse. They died on the 1st of May 17—. Here also lies the body of their daughter, Mary Morrison, who died June 2, 17—.*" The head-stone is a granite slab—as they almost all are in that kirkyard—and the kirk itself is of the same enduring material. But touching that grave is a Marble Monument, white almost as the very snow, and in the midst of the emblazonry of death, adorned with the armorial bearings belonging to a family of the high-born.

Sworn Brother of my soul! during the bright ardors of boyhood, when the present was all-sufficient in its own bliss, the past soon forgotten, and the future unfeared, what might have been thy lot, my beloved Harry Wilton, had thy span of life been prolonged to this very day? Better—oh! far better was it for thee and thine that thou didst so early die, for it seemeth that a curse is on that lofty lineage; and that, with all their genius, accomplishments, and virtues, dishonor comes and goes, a familiar and privileged guest, out and in their house. Shame never veiled the light of those bold eyes, nor tamed the eloquence of those sunny lips, nor ever for a single moment bowed down that young princely head, that like a fast-growing flower, seemed each successive morning to be visibly rising up towards a stately manhood. But the time was not far distant, when, to thy soul and to all thy senses, life would have undergone a rueful transformation. Thy father, expatriated by the spells of a sorceress, and forced into foreign countries, to associate with vice, worthlessness, profligacy, and crime!—Thy mother, dead of a broken heart! And that lovely sister, who came to the Manse with her jewelled hair—But all these miserable things who could prophesy, at the hour when we and the weeping villagers laid thee, apart from the palace and the burial vault of thy high born ancestors, without anthem or organ-peal, among the humble dead? Needless and foolish were all those floods of tears. In thy brief and beautiful course, nothing have we that loved thee to lament or condemn. In few memories, indeed, doth thy image now survive; for, in twenty years, what young face fadeth not away from eyes busied with the snows of this living world?—What young voice is not bedumed to ears for ever filled with its perplexing din? Yet thou, Nature, on this glorious May-day, rejoicing in all the plenitude of thy bliss—I call upon thee to bear witness to the intensity of my never dying grief! Ye fields, that long ago we so often trod together, with the wind-swept shadows hovering about our path—Ye streams, whose murmur awoke our imaginations, as we lay reading, or musing together in day dreams, among the broomy braes—Ye woods, where we started at the startled cushat, or paused, without a word, to hear the creature's solitary moans and murmurs deepening the far-off hush, already so profound—Ye moors and mosses, black yet beautiful, with your peat trenches overshadowed with the heather blossoms that scented the wilderness afar,—where the little maiden, sent from her shieling on errands to town or village in the country below, seemed, as we met her in the sunshine, to rise up before us for our delight, like a fairy from the desert bloom—Thou loch, remote in thy traceless solitude, and with nought reflected in thy many-springed waters but those low pastoral hills of such excessive green, and the white barred blue of heaven; no creature on its shores but our two selves, keenly angling in the breezes, or lying in the shaded sunshine, with some book of old ballads, or strain of some Immortal yet alive on earth—one and all, bear witness to my undying affection, that silently now feeds on grief! And, oh! what overflowing thoughts did that shout of mine now awaken from the hanging tower of the Old Castle—'Wilton, Wilton!' The name of the long-ago buried faintly and afar-off repeated by an echo!

A pensive shade, methinks, has fallen across MAY-DAY; and while the sun is behind those castellated clouds, my imagination is willing to retire into the saddest places of memory; and gather together stories and tales of tears.—And many such there are; annually sprinkled all round the humble huts of our imaginative and religious land, even like the wild-flowers that, in endless succession, disappearing and re-appearing in their beauty. Spring drops down upon every brae. And as ofttimes some one particular tune, some one pathetic but imperfect and fragmentary part of an old melody will nearly touch the heart; when it is dead to the finest and most finished strain; so now a faint and dim tradition comes upon me, giving birth to uncertain and mysterious thoughts. It is an old Tradition. They were called the HOLY FAMILY! Far up at the head of yonder glen of old was their dwelling,and in their garden sparkled the translucent well that is the source of the stream that animates the parish with a hundred waterfalls. Father, mother, and daughter—it was hard to say which of the three was the most beloved! Yet they were not native here, but brought with them, from some distant place, the soft and silvery accents of the pure English tongue; and manners most gracious in their serene simplicity; while over a life composed of acts of charity was spread a stillness of a thoughtful pity for human sins and sorrows, yet not unwilling to be moved to smiles by the breath of joy. In those days the very heart of Scotland was distracted—persecution scattered her prayers—and during the summer months families remained shut up in fear within their huts, as if the snowdrifts of winter had blocked up and buried their doors. It was as if the shadow of a thunder-cloud hung over all the land, so that men's hearts quaked as they looked up to heaven—when, lo all at once, Three gracious Visitants appeared! Imagination invested their foreheads with a halo; and as they walked on their missions of mercy exclaimed—How beautiful are their feet! Few words was the Child ever heard to speak except some words of prayer; but her image-like stillness breathed a blessing wherever it smiled, and all the little maidens loved her, when hushed almost into awe by her spiritual beauty as she knelt with them in their morning and evening orisons.—The Mother's face, too, it is said, was pale as a face of grief, while her eyes seemed always happy, and a tone of thanksgiving was in her voice. Her Husband leant upon her on his way to the grave—for his eye's excessive brightness glittered with death—and often as he prayed beside the sick bed, his cheek became like ashes, for his heart in a moment ceased to beat, and then, as if about to burst in agony, sounded audibly in the silence. Journeying on did they all seem to Heaven; yet as they were passing by, how loving and how full of mercy! To them belonged some blessed power to wave away the sword that would fain have smitten the Saints. The dew-drops on the greensward before the cottage-door, they suffered not to be polluted with blood. Guardian Angels were they thought to be, and such indeed they were, for what else are the holy powers of innocence,—Guardian Angels sent to save some of God's servants on earth from the choking tide and the scorching fire. Often, in the clear and starry nights, did the dwellers among all these little dells, and up along all these low hill sides, hear music flowing down from heaven, responsive to the hymns of the Holy Family. Music without the syllabling of words—yet breathing worship, and with the spirit of piety filling all the Night-Heavens! One whole day and night passed by, and not a hut had been enlightened by their presence.—Perhaps they had gone away without warning, as they had come—having been sent out on another mission. With soft steps one maiden, and then another, entered the door, and then was heard the voice of weeping and of loud lament. The Three lay, side by side, with their pale faces up to heaven. Dora, for that is the name tradition has handed down—Dorothea, the gift of God, lay between her Father and her Mother, and all their hands were lovingly and peacefully entwined. No agonies had been there—unknown what hand, human or divine, had closed their eyelids and composed their limbs; but there they lay as if asleep, not to be awakened by the burst of sunshine that dazzled upon their smiling countenances, cheek to cheek, in the awful beauty of united death!

The deep religion of that troubled time had sanctified the Strangers almost into an angelic character; and when the little kirk-bells were again heard tinkling through the air of peace, (the number of martyrs being complete,) the beauty with which their living foreheads had been invested, re-appeared to the eyes of imagination, as the Poets whom Nature kept to herself, walked along the moonlight hills.—"The Holy Family," which had been as a household word, appertaining to them while they lived, now when centuries have gone by, is still full of a dim but divine meaning; the spirit of a tradition having remained, while its frame-work has almost fallen into decay.

We have heard that a son of a Nobleman, who has for some time been protecting one of the Opera dancers, was lately reprimanded by his father, with a threat that he would reduce his allowance *one half* if he did not resign his guardianship of Madame B.; on which the son very quaintly wrote in answer to his noble father, that if he did not *double his income* he would *marry her.* It remains to be proved which will succeed; as it is said that it is "like father, like son!"

A few days ago, a gentleman and an Hibernian were riding together on the top of the Newark and Grantham coach, when the former missing his handkerchief, very rashly charged his fellow traveller with having stolen it, but soon finding it again, he had the good manners to beg pardon for the affront, saying it was a *mistake;* to which honest Pat replied with the greatest readiness "Arrah my jewel, then it was a mutual *mistake,* you took me for a *thief,* and I took you for a *gentleman.*"—*London pa.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—Most of our readers know that Gen. Greene of the Revolution, and Gen. Brown, now Major General of the Army of the United States, were, by education, both Quakers. The latter not long since attended the Quaker meeting in this City. After service, a worthy Friend remarked to a bystander: "During the revolution we had a *Greene* quaker, and now we have a *Brown* quaker; but they were both true *blue.*"—*U. S. Telegraph.*

A FIGURE TO PAINT.—"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant, also, in a corner where he may hear me when I call him."

A young, pert, prattling lawyer one day boasted to the facetious counsellor Costello, that he had received five and twenty guineas for speaking in a certain cause. 'And I,' said Costello, 'received *double* that sum for *holding my tongue.*'

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

FROM THE MONTREAL HERALD.

LOWER CANADA.

The last number of the Westminster Review contains an article on the Government of Lower Canada, the writer of which pretends that "experience and not hearsay is his guide" in the details which he gives. The article altogether is a labored attack upon the Government of this Province. We have not seen the Review, but an abstract given by the Morning Chronicle of the 5th Sept. enables us to see that, with all the writer's boasted experience, he is profoundly ignorant on many parts of the subject, respecting which he professes to enlighten the British public. We copy the following passage, and leave it to any one at all acquainted with the state of this Province to say whether such an opinion of the Lower Canadians towards the U. States could be entertained by any one who made "experience and not hearsay his guide;" or whether the writer who gives such an unfounded account of a matter so easily ascertained is at all to be trusted in matters of greater difficulty.

"Notwithstanding the outward demonstration of good will manifested by the Canadians towards the English people, they bitterly hate every thing connected with the English name; distrust and oppose every thing supported by English interest. They are themselves neglected and abused; their priesthood slighted, their manners, laws and customs, the subjects of daily scorn and contempt. The people are evidently tired of English dominion; they secretly pray for release from our thraldom, and wistfully turn their eyes towards America, where they behold a nation under the dominion of a frugal Government, appointed by themselves, rapidly improving in arts, in literature and in wealth, extending their commerce to every part of the inhabited world, and rivalling in the extent and wisdom of their undertakings the most civilized and wealthy communities of Europe."

The Globe of the 5th Sept. makes some remarks upon this article, and candidly acknowledges the difficulty of reconciling the statement of the Reviewer with the notorious facts of the case: for, as he justly remarks, the Canadian Government, to the people who live under it, is much cheaper than the Government of the U. States to the citizens of that Republic. To this is to be added the immense advantages the people derive from the British money spent on public works in these provinces, of which they would be deprived were they left to themselves—the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon them. The Globe thinks the most rational way of accounting for the discontent in Lower Canada is on the supposition that the members of the House of Assembly think they have not a large enough share of the jobs which arise out of the expenditure of British money in the province. The fact of the matter is that, as there is nothing in the state of this Province that the most violent demagogue that ever harangued a mob in Britain would think a ground for discontent, the London Journals are totally at a loss to account for that disaffection which is assumed to exist, and which the Reviewer foolishly thinks will break out in turbulence at the first opportunity.

HALIFAX, Oct. 23.

Capt. M'Neil, of the schr. Dolphin, of Pictou, from the Magdalen Islands, detained by H. M. Ship Alligator, for trading without having entered, reports that immense numbers of American and French Fishing vessels have visited the Island this summer. That their crews go on shore and cure their fish, and purchase the fish caught by British subjects, in exchange for beef, flour, pork, gin, &c. He also states that the French vessels from St. Pierre and Miquelon, succeeded in securing the best fish, to the disappointment, and loss of our Traders.

This subject calls loudly for attention. Under the present treaty, the Americans possess advantages which they doubtless would not obtain upon its renewal, were proper representations made to government; nor would its provisions be longer violated with impunity, were a few small vessels dispatched to the eastward, to cruize in that direction during the fishing season. The treaty, we believe, is now open for revision—subject to a notice of twelve months; and the precarious situation of this important branch of our commerce, demands the most prompt and urgent remonstrance.

FROM THE BANGOR REGISTER, OCT. 31.

DISPUTED TERRITORY.—Since our last, Mr. Wilson, from Houlton, passed through this town; he confirms the account of the existing difficulties in that territory, as published in our last, and relates many other grievances of which our citizens have to complain; he informs that Mr. Baker has been sentenced to six months imprisonment and to pay a fine of 150 pounds, and, as he understood, the only offence charged against him was refusing to permit the passage of the British mail over his land.

Mr. Dalton, from Aroostic, came in company with Mr. Wilson, and he gives a melancholy account of the oppressions and sufferings of the inhabitants of that settlement. He says that the British officers are in the habit of executing precepts—issuing from British magistrates, within the American territory—and taking and carrying away every species of property, even to the last cow—and selling the property at auction; that they come with *a posse* armed, and threaten to come with force enough to carry off all the inhabitants to Fredericton jail—that their proceedings are in all respects violent and oppressive. He states that, in consequence of this state of things, he has sold all his property for what he could get and quit the country; that he raised this year 150 bushels of wheat, 200 of potatoes, 75 of corn, and many other products of the earth, had a decent house and barn, and farming utensils, 30 acres cleared, that he sold all for $181 38—on credit principally—that he made this sacrifice solely on account of public difficulties—and had it not been for them he would not have taken $700 for his property. He also states that the inhabitants are in constant fear, and dare not sleep in their houses. We understand that the statements were made under oath, and have been enclosed to the executive. We hope and trust some effective measures will be taken to protect and vindicate the rights of American citizens.

[FROM THE LOUISIANA ARGUS.]

NEW-ORLEANS, OCT. 2.

MR. EDITOR—I observed a statement in your paper of the 1st inst. of the bloody affair near Natchez, which, to say the least of it, is very much misrepresented, and my regard for truth has induced me to come forward and make a plain statement of the facts as they really occurred, which, if it should be necessary, can be authenticated by several respectable citizens of Natchez. Dr. Maddox invited Mr. S. L. Wells, without the limits of the State Louisiana; they met at Natchez on the 17th ult.; on the 18th Wells was challenged by Maddox, the 19th was appointed for the day of combat, and the first sand beach above Natchez, on the Mississippi side, for the place of meeting; they met, exchanged two shots without effect, and made friends; while the combatants and friends, on each side, were retiring from the ground, Wells invited Maddox, his friend Col. Crane, and surgeon Dr. Denny, to the woods, where his friends, who were excluded from the field, were stationed, to take some refreshments.—Crane objected, stated as his reasons, that there were certain men among them that he could not meet. Wells then assented to go where Maddox's friends were stationed in the woods, who were also excluded from the field. When about half way, they were met by the friends of Wells, viz.—Mr. Jas. Bowie, Gen. Cuny, and Mr. T. J. Wells. Gen. Cuny, on meeting them, observed to Col. Crane that it was a good time to settle their difference; Crane had a pistol in each hand, which he was carrying to the woods; he immediately put himself in an attitude of defence; he observed Bowie with a drawn pistol, he therefore shot him first, wheeled round and shot Cuny. Bowie did not fall, but Cuny did, and expired in about 15 minutes. Bowie exclaimed, Crane you have shot me, and I will kill you if I can. They both fired simultaneously; Bowie's fire was without effect. After Bowie made the above declaration to Crane, he drew a large butcher knife and endeavored to put his threat in execution, but was prevented by a blow from Crane with the butt of his pistol, which brought him to his knees; before he recovered, Crane got out of his way. Bowie, then, discovered Major Wright, who had arrived from the woods to the scene of action, in company with the two Blanchards, exclaimed to Wright; you d—d rascal don't you shoot; Wright observed that he was not afraid of him, and levelled his pistol—they both fired; Bowie's shot struck Wright in the right side, which went through him; Wright's fire was without effect, it struck a mag that was behind. After firing, they both advanced on each other; Wright with a sword cane, and Bowie with a large butcher knife; Bowie stabbed Wright thro' the arm in two places, he then left him, and went to Alfred Blanchard, made three stabs at him, one of which struck him in the left side; he then left Blanchard and returned to Wright, and gave him a stab in the breast which went to his heart—he died instantly. Bowie was fired at twice by A. Blanchard, and once by C. H. Blanchard, when engaged with Wright, and once when engaged with A. Blanchard; one of the shots struck him in the thigh, which brought him down—he fell a short distance from Wright. A. Blanchard was shot through the arm by T. J. Wells. Maj. M'Whorters signalized himself by taking a deliberate shot at C. H. Blanchard, when he was disarmed, 7 or 8 paces distant; but it was without effect. The only injury Bowie received from Wright was one or two slight wounds with a sword cane.

AN EYE WITNESS.

RETURN OF CAPT. PARRY.

Capt. Parry, and his companions in the Arctic Expedition, reached London Sept. 29. The history of this last expedition is brief. Capt. P. after leaving the Discovery ship at the appointed place, off the Spitzbergen coast, betook himself to the sledge boats prepared for his conveyance over the ice, and was out for the space of sixty-one days; one of the boats being under his own charge, and the other under that of Lieut. Ross. These two boats were hauled over the ice by the crew of the ship, twelve men; and after undergoing incredible fatigue, they felt for a great part of the time that they were on floating ice bergs, which carried them to the southward, while they were straining every nerve to proceed northward, and thus of necessity, they were compelled to abandon the enterprize. During the last three days, Capt. P. found by actual observation, that his boats had gained two miles only. The expedition arrived at lat. 82, 45, and had it proceeded but 15 miles farther, Capt. P. and his men would have obtained the pecuniary remuneration to which they were entitled on reaching 83; but even this short distance was found to be altogether unattainable by any physical effort. Nearly in the same line they had proceeded, the boats returned to the Hecla, which sailed immediately for home. No lives were lost.

Capt. Franklin, from the Land Expedition, reached London the same day.

MORGAN.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Rochester to his friend in Albany, dated 25th ult.

The body found at Oak Orchard Creek proves not to be that of Morgan, but a man from Canada. I believe it has been satisfactorily proved by the wife of the dead man which was found, that it was her husband. She proved that the clothes found on the body were those of her husband, or the same that he had on when he left home, and likewise that the shoes he had on were a pair that he bought at the time he left home; this was proved by the person of whom he bought them. The tracts that were found in his pockets were proved to have been given him by a minister before he left. The wife and friends I believe intend removing the body from Batavia to Canada, and have sent word to the Rochester committee of their intention.

Alb. Dai. Adv.

Extract of a letter to the Editors of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"In regard to the supposed body of Morgan, the bubble has completely exploded, and letters from the West assure us that it is now positively ascertained that the body was not that of the deceased freemason—notwithstanding the finding of 23 jurors "on their oaths," and the subsequent pompous funeral procession. A letter from a gentleman at Rochester, says, it is ascertained that "the person found was a man named Peter Monroe, of Canada, who was drowned about four weeks before, at the mouth of Niagara river, in presence of a number of persons. The person found, answers the description every way, in person and dress, and papers found about him; so you will see how far imagination will carry persons, for the jury were unanimous that it was Morgan; and Why? when his coarse shoes did not correspond with Morgan's boots, there were numbers present ready to say, they knew long since his boots were taken off and coarse shoes put on him—and so all the rest of the objections were done away by many voices, who cried, 'we knew all this before.' Hence you will perceive any thing could be proved or done away in a moment, by the men who did not hesitate to attribute all to an over-ruling Providence." The wife of Monroe has claimed the body, and indentified the clothes. The clergyman proves the tracts, which he gave the deceased a few weeks since; and the shoemaker the shoes which he made for him. The first *skull* now found upon the Lake shore, will be called Morgan's and should there fortunately be a fracture, some one will be ready to swear that he was once kicked by a horse, or fell from a chesnut tree.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.—The New York Mercantile Advertiser of the 27th ult. says, information reached this city yesterday morning, that the First Teller of the Branch Bank of the Virginia State Bank at Petersburg, absconded from that place on Sunday morning, with *forty thousand dollars* in the bills of that Bank. He is supposed to have since been in this city, as application was made to some of the brokers on Wednesday morning to exchange a large sum of the bills of that bank, by a person who stated that he wished to purchase bills on England. One broker whom he asked to exchange the sum of thirty thousand dollars, was about to draw the check for the amount, but thinking there was something wrong in the application of a stranger for so large an amount, declined the transaction, and we have not heard whether the man succeed in affecting an exchange. He stated that he was in a great hurry, and that he was to embark in the packet which sailed about noon that day for Liverpool. We understand the Teller left his house at Petersburg at 4 o'clock in the morning, and got on board a steam boat for Baltimore. He left with a servant a letter for his wife, with an injunction not to be delivered till the following day—but her distress was so great in consequence of his absence, that the servant was induced to hand it to her in the afternoon. The letter enclosed $5,000 for her use. On discovering what her husband had done, she informed the officers of the bank, and immediately restored the money in her hands.

ROBBERY.—The store of A. Dikeman, 317, Pearl-street, was robbed on Thursday night, of a large amount of gold and silver watches and jewelry. A reward of 300 dollars is offered for the recovery of the property and the apprehension of the thief.

A VILLAIN—calling himself Benj. D. Franklin, a blacksmith by trade, made his appearance at Fort Ball, Seneca co. Ohio, in October last, married a respectable young lady; contracted various debts, stole money, borrowed a horse, ran away, forged an order for more money, sold the horse in Michigan, went to York, U. C. stole another horse, started for Ohio, sold the horse as he had done before, stole another, got home, was sent to jail for forgery, broke out, on his way to Sandusky city stole more money and eluded his pursuers by taking passage for the state of New York. He is about 25 years old, 5 feet 8 or ten inches high, slender built, light brown hair, blue eyes, downcast look, remarkable for gestures when talking, a great egotist, and has the faculty of recommending himself to the favorable notice of strangers. E. Dresback and A. Rawson, of Fort Ball, would like to hear of him.

PORTSMOUTH, Oct. 27.

THIEVES.—On Thursday night, the shop of Mr. Pike, in Penhallow-st. was broken open, and a few dollars in change stolen. On the same night the clothing store of Mr. B. Cheever, jr. was broken open, and robbed of the finest and best of its contents, to the amount of nearly $1000.—Among the articles stolen were some superb velvet waistcoats, a coat not quite finished, a green superfine frock coat, &c. $100 reward is offered for the detection of the thief and recovery of the goods.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va. Oct. 26.

Yesterday, a shoemaker was arraigned in this county for stabbing, cutting, &c. one Thomas Soleleather, and was defended by his Counsel on the ground that there was no law to prevent a *shoemaker* from cutting *soleleather*.—*Arena.*

FIRE.—The fire, about 1 o'clock yesterday morning, proceeded from James-street. The interior of the three story houses, Nos. 45, and 47, were destroyed, with their contents. The fire originated in No. 47, occupied by Patrick Madden, as a porter house and grocery, and a widow woman and her son. The inmates escaped with great difficulty, some of them going through the upper window to the roof of the adjoining building, and Mr. M. fell three times while conveying a young child to a window on the second floor. No. 45, was occupied by three families, viz:—Mr. Connelly, Mr. Elsey, and Mr. Manning, who all lost their furniture. In the lower room a young lady was very sick, and the bedstead from which she was taken was burnt before it could be moved out. The houses were owned by Capt. Devour, and were insured, and we are informed Mr. Madden had an insurance on his property; the other tenants, who lost every thing, were not insured.

Com. Adv.

We gave an account a few days since of a man named Ellting, of Bethany, Penn. having been siezed by four persons, confined in a box, and carried upwards of 150 miles in a wagon, being taken out of the box at night and returned to it before day-light. The Pennsylvania Gazette of the 27th ult. says:—"It now appears that this individual is a rank imposter, and that his deposition, publicly made before the Mayor of this city, is a vile fabrication from beginning to end."

As manufactering appears to be the order of the day, I will bet a thousand weight of pork (as I may probably have that quantity to spare this winter) that Gen. Duff Green can, and does manufacture more falsehood than any other editor in the U. States.

I will also bet a good bullock that the editors of the *Richmond Enquirer* can apply the manufactures of this Gen. Green to better advantage under the present jaundiced views of southern politicians, than Duff himself.

Georgetown Columbian.

The little prospect held out to the friends of a National Bankrupt Law, that their wishes will be realized for a series of years at least, has turned their attention from Congress to the State Legislature. It has become a subject of remark, that the attention of our Legislature should be called to the subject of an equitable insolvent system, to remain in force until Congress shall have passed a national law. As there would be in our State less conflicting interests than have appeared in the National Legislature, it is fair to infer that a system might be devised, which, while it should prevent fraud, would afford all reasonable protection to the unfortunate debtor.

B. Patriot.

HINDOO WIDOWS.—A fresh parliamentary report has just been issued on this interesting subject, from which is extracted the following most distressing and horrible case: A girl of about 14 years of age, whose husband, a Brahmin, died when absent from his family, and a fortnight after this event, her father being absent and unacquainted with what was passing, she proceeded to burn herself on a funeral pile prepared by other near relations, and which was fired by her uncle. She soon leaped from the flame, and was seized taken up by the hands and feet, and again thrown upon it much burnt; she again sprang from the pile and running to a well hard by, laid herself down in the water-course, weeping bitterly. A sheet was then offered, and she was desired by her uncle to place herself upon it; she refused, saying he would again carry her to the pile and she would rather quit the family than live by beggary or any thing, if they would have mercy upon her.—At length, her uncle swearing by the Ganges, that, if she would seat herself on the cloth, he would carry her home, she did so, was bound up in it, carried to the pile, now fiercely burning, and again thrown into the flames. The wretched victim once more made an effort to save herself, when at the instigation of the rest, a Mussulman approached near enough to reach her with his sword, and cutting her through the head, she fell back, and was rescued from further suffering by death.

London Paper.

CHERAW, S. C. Oct. 19.

We witnessed rather a novel as well as melancholy spectacle in the streets of this town on Wednesday last. Nothing more or less than a man driving a wagon loaded with four coffins, containing the dead bodies of his two wives and two children. His last wife had died within a day or two, and having determined on burying her in N. Carolina, about 40 miles distant, he had disinterred the body of his former wife, who has been dead about four years, together with those of his two children, some time since deceased, and was transporting them to a new place of sepulture.

The Great Doncaster St. Leger race was run on the 18th Sept. and the favorite Mameluke was beaten. The owner of this horse is Mr. Gully, who rose from a groom to be a prize-fighter, and from a prize-fighter to be a companion of noblemen. Gully lost about 45,000*l.* ($200,000) by this race. He paid every penny of it, after the race, with apparent cheerfulness. He is excessively wealthy.

INSOLVENT LAW.—A good deal has been said of late respecting an insolvent law for this state. The subject is certainly one of importance and justly deserves consideration. The Laws of this Commonwealth in relation to debtor and creditor are not only unequal but unjust in their operation; and they therefore ought at once, either to be repealed or modified; and when can there occur a more favorable opportunity for such an alteration than the present?

Within a few years, a radical change has taken place in the minds of thinking men upon this matter; and those very individuals, who were formerly opposed to "the new system," are now its open and decided advocates.

Not only is the property of the debtor liable to be taken by the creditor, but his body—the former himself may be dragged from his family, and immersed in a prison by the latter. And what is the consequence? Men who have once lived in affluence and respectability—high minded and honorable men, cannot endure the disgrace of imprisonment. Is it not enough for them to lose their property without confining them with malefactors, and thus adding insult and obloquy to their misfortunes? By incarcerating them, they either become disheartened and forever after unfit for business, or as soon as released they seek some other place whose state laws are more humane, and the people less persecuting in their treatment towards the unfortunate. And indeed, names could be mentioned of persons who, driven by their creditors from this city and state, have fled to New York, taken the benefit of the act there, re-commenced business, and at this moment actually ride in their carriages.

Our capitalists are alarmed at the decreasing value of real estate and the depression of business generally; and they acknowledge that the cause of their fears is to be traced to the severity of the law as well as the illiberality of trade. Something they say must be done. Let them call a meeting of our citizens, for the purpose of discussing the subject, and of choosing a committee whose duty it shall be to take the matter into consideration, and report at a future time; and then they will put the proposed measures in a train that cannot but produce a beneficial result. This at least, Mr. Editor, seems to me to be the first step to be taken, and I would therefore suggest it through your journal, to the humane and philanthropic.

J. M. K.

American Traveller.

Two actions for breaches of promise of marriage have been lately tried at Philadelphia. In the first, Rebecca O'Neal vs. Mordecai Hart, $500 damages were given. In the second, a man of 60, against a widow, the plaintiff was non-suited.

AGE OF BIRDS.—The following has been compiled from different authors by Count Morezzo, in a letter from him to Lacepede:—Swan, about 200 years; parrot, 100; goose, 80 or more; eagle, bustard, duck, and turkey, period of life not known; peacock, 25 to 28; pheas-

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FIRE.—The Dwe
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ant, 18 to 20; crow 100 or more; nightengale, 17 to 18; hen, 16 to 18; pigeon, 16 to 17; linnet, 13 to 14; canary, 13 to 14; goldfince, 18 to 20.

Gov. Butler of vermont, has published an address to the Freeman of the State, in which he declines being a candidate for re-election.

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY;

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1827.

MORGAN.—In these "piping times of peace," we could hardly fill our weekly sheet, if it were not for Capt. Morgan, who has for the last fourteen months, been a fruitful theme for Newspaper editors to cut and carp at. Even we, isolated as we are in the County of Oxford, should have had hard work of it, to have made our paper palatable, but for *Morgan*. For whenever our matter was likely to fall short, we could easily find something which related to this subject to insert in our columns.—In our last it was stated that his body had been found near Oak Orchard Creek, in Lake *Ontario*. Mrs. Morgan recognized the body, as that of her husband, by a *scratch* on the *great toe* of the *left* or *right* foot, also, by his losing two teeth in his life time, which she had in her possession, and they fitted "with such exact nicety" that in her opinion, it was "confirmation strong," that it could be none other, than the body of her long lost husband. The body was therefore, removed to her residence, and decently interred; his wife no doubt rejoicing in the belief, that she had performed all that "a good wife" was bound to do, and was at rest. But how numerous are the "ills that flesh is heir to," in the midst of these agreeable dreams, who should make their appearance to disturb her, but an ——— reader who do you guess — a *mason* with his *trowel* and other "implements of his profession?"—No, not he, but a ——— woman just from *swate* Ireland, the land of patatoes, who could not only indentify the body by *scratches*, on the toe, but also by the clothes found upon it, and to make her claim still stronger, her son was also produced, who likewise could identify the clothes, and some marks upon the head of his father, &c. also the shoes found upon the body, so that *Mrs. Morgan* found that her claim was not so strong as she at first amagined, and was obliged to resign the body to *Mrs. Monro*, who perhaps in turn must give it up to some woman who may claim it, and can produce yet stronger proof that it belongs to her.—Morgan is yet undiscovered, and will probably remain so, as long as the "secrets of freemasonry" published by him, find fools to purchase them. And as to the confessions of Hill, we have no doubt but that he is insane, and there is no question in our mind but that a jury would refuse to pronounce him guilty, as was the case a few years since in the State of New-York, a man confessed himself the murderer of another, but he was not believed on trial, but supposed to be insane, as was proved afterwards by the appearance of the man whom he said he had killed.

In whatever light we may view *Morgan*, he appears to us to be one of the most abandoned of the human family, a perjured villain to say the least, upon his own confession, he says the *oaths* he took in order to be made acquainted with the secrets of masonry, were of the most strict and solemn nature; that for nearly thirty years, he felt himself bound by them, but now he has absolved himself, and as he says, betrayed those who placed confidence in him.—Allowing his statement to be true, in what light does he appear? If a man will *break* the most *solemn* oath, will he not commit almost any crime? If he has *broken* from the obligations which he was bound by so long, is he now to be believed and trusted? We answer no, without the fear of contradiction.—Then on the other hand, if he has not told the truth in relation to this subject, but endeavored by playing off this piece of deception, to make money out of the often too credulous public—does he not deserve to be despised by all honest men, and held up for the finger of scorn to point at.

At any rate, we will not consider ourselves prophets, if *Morgan* is not yet found *alive*, and does not have some of that shame and obloquy heaped upon him which he so richly merits.

Early Sleighing.—On Wednesday of last week, we had some little snow in this village, accompanied with a very high wind and quite cold weather. We have since learnt that the storm was very violent on the seacoast, and that five or six inches of snow fell in the vicinity of Portland, and also on westward as far as Boston, or farther. Sleighs came into Boston from the country on Thursday last, and it is said that there was a sufficiency of snow for good sleighing.

Thanksgiving in Ohio.—Governor Trimble has appointed Thursday the 29th instant, as a day to be observed for public Thanksgiving in Ohio.

Fire.—The Dwelling house occupied by Mr. Charles M. Rogers, as a Hotel, in Brunswick, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday night 7th inst. The fire originated in one of the chambers, and was discovered by a neighbor who was about going to bed, the family in the hotel having retired. A considerable quantity of the furniture was saved in a damaged state. We understand Mr. Rogers had 4,000 dollars insured upon the property.—*Maine Gazette.*

PROCLAMATION

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

DE WITT CLINTON,

Governor of the State of New-York.

Whereas, the recommendation of a particular day for the offering up to Almighty God, of public and united thanks for his manifold blessings, interferes in no wise with religious freedom, and is the most direct and proper means of uniting individual thanksgiving in one social expression of the public gratitude: And whereas the people of this State have been greatly distinguished by the gracious dispensations of Divine Providence, having experienced for a long time the blessings of liberty, plenty and peace, the benefits of great internal improvements, of prosperous seminaries of education and of a general state of health, an abundance of the fruits of the earth, and an augmenting diffusion of the lights of religion and knowledge: Now, therefore, I have judged it my incumbent duty, to recommend to the good people of this State, the observance of *Wednesday, the twelfth day of December next*, as a day of Prayer and Thanksgiving; and I do so, in the earnest hope and in the confident expectation, that all, except such as may be withheld by scruples of conscience, will on that day assemble in their respective places of worship, and present the sublime spectacle of a whole people offering the homage of devout and grateful hearts to that Great and Good Being, from whose bounty we derive all that we enjoy.

(L. S.) In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the privy seal, at the city of Albany, this 23d day of October, Anno Domini 1827.

DE WITT CLINTON.

THE FISH—again.

In our paper of the 20th ult. we attempted, from representation, to give a partial description of the Fish, which was taken sometime since between Lubec and West Quoddy, by Capt. John Allen, of Salem, but since seeing the huge monster, which is now exhibiting in this town, we shall attempt a more particular account of him, assisted by Doct. Whipple of Calais, who had previously examined him, and to whom in fact we are principally indebted for the following. When the Fish was first taken he was 28 feet 4 inches long, and girted 16 feet 6 inches. The skin which is now about half an inch in thickness, weighed when it was first taken off, about fourteen hundred pounds, but now, it does not of course, weigh so much, and is a little but a little reduced in size.—He has a nose, resembling in some degree, a snake's head, about as large as a two gallon jug projecting forward of the mouth about a foot—the mouth, when the jaws are distended, opens to an extent sufficient to admit a large barrel end ways—the lip or cartilaginous substance surrounding the mouth is thickly studed with six rows of small protuberances on one side and eight on the other, closely attached which appear to be an apology for teeth—the nostrils stand on either side of the above mentioned protuberances somewhat resembling those of a horse, and immediately behind which the head enlarges to nearly the size of the body: in front and directly over the mouth are the eyes nearly two feet apart of the bigness of a large coffee cup. At the junction of the head with the body are four strips of skin nearly encircling the fish, the inner edges of which are provided with a fringe, not unlike whalebone, appearing to answer the purpose of gills. Immediately behind the gills stand the side fins, the right one 5 feet and the left a little less than four feet in length; about 6 1-2 feet back of those stands the back fin which is 4 feet high and 4 feet wide at the bottom, six feet behind which and on the under part are placed two fins, one standing about a foot and an half forward of the other which are terminated by two legs, about three feet long, with their appendages the feet and claws; and what is remarkable the length and size of these fins and feet are reverse of the forward ones, the left one being considerable larger and longer than the right one.

At this point the body lessens in four feet to a diameter of six feet which may be considered the commencement of the tail, which is about eight feet in length with two small fins one above and the other below about midway of the tail which is terminated in a semi-lunar form, eight feet across in perpendicular height. There is one thing we have omitted to mention, and that is, that the skin very much resembles that of an elephant.—On Monday Capt. Allen will proceed by land Westward with the skin for exhibition and will furnish a rare treat to the curious of all classes.

The contents of the stomach and intestines which were critically examined soon after the animal was killed, did not give any clue to the food it subsisted on—no solid substance was discovered—merely a redish thick mucous like fluid was all they contained, and that in a comparatively small quantity.

The above Fish is not, exactly, a *Sea Serpent*, but he comes much *nearer* one than the animal caught some time since and exhibited in Boston, if we mistake not, for the *odd fish* which afforded so much amusement to our western friends in times past.—*Eastport Sentinel.*

Treaty of Ghent.—We learn from the New-York Albion, that the Commissioners for the settlement of boundaries, under the seventh article of treaty of Ghent, Anthony Barclay Esq. and Gen. Porter, on Saturday last, closed their labors, and made their final reports to their respective governments. The following paragraph from the Albion, will show how far those gentlemen, in their ten or, twelve years' labors, have succeeded in accomplishing the purpose of their appointment:

It is gratifying to state, that the aforesaid Commissioners have amicably determined by far the largest portion of the line; two points only have been referred to the Governments, viz. one affecting St. George's Island, below the Sault de St. Marie, in the water communication between Lakes Huron and Superior; and the other, the water communication of Lake Superior, (north west of that lake,) and Lac La Pluie.

☞CHEAP FOR CASH.

T. O. BRADLEY.

Store, No. 6 Mussey's Row, Middle-Street, *PORTLAND*,

HAS RECEIVED FROM

NEW-YORK AND BOSTON,

87 PACKAGES OF

PIECE GOODS!

Probably much the largest and richest assortment ever before offered in Portland, at wholesale and retail—

—consisting in part—

21000 YDS *PRINTS* from 15 to 30 cents per yard.

240 PS Superfine *BROAD AND HABIT CLOTHS* and *CASSIMERES*, from 50 cents to $12 per yard.

50 PS *SATINNETT*.

100 PS *PLAIDS & BOMBAZETTS*, from 17 to 42 cents per yard.

A very large assortment of Silk, Cotton and Linen GOODS of almost every description.

80 BALES

SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS AND TICKINGS,

very cheap.

☞*As many goods were purchased at Auction in New-York by a well experienced agent, from whom Fresh supplies are to be received weekly; they will be sold from 10 to 25 per cent. less than usual cash Prices.* 9w—176

STAGE NOTICE.

THE travelling public are respectfully informed, that a Company has been formed and organized by the name of the

NORWAY & BETHEL STAGE COMPANY,

and have purchased the establishment heretofore belonging to Mr. Anthony Bennett, and that they shall continue to run a stage from Noway Village to Bethel, every Thursday afternoon, and return every Friday Morning, in season for passengers to take passage in the Portland Stage.—They mean to use every laudable exertion to give satisfaction, and no reasonable pains will be spared to accommodate passengers. They therefore hope to merit and receive a share of public patronage.

EZRA F. BEAL,
EBEN. HOBBS,
ICHHBOD BARTLETT, } *Agents for said Company.*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss.

ALL the right and equity of redemption which Mr. Timothy Huntress has of redeeming the following described Real Estate, situated in Canton, in said County, (Viz.) Lot numbered fourteen in the sixth Range on the West side of the Androscoggin River, according to the original plan of the town of Jay, being his homestead farm. Taken on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on Monday the ninth day of December next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the Store of Davis Washburn, Esq. in Livermore, unless previously redeemed; the south half of said Lot having been mortgaged to Isaac Lovewell, and the whole afterwards having been mortgaged to Davis Washburn.

SAMUEL MORRISON, *Deputy Sheriff.*

November 3, 1827. 176

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford ss.

TAKEN on Executions and to be sold at Public Vendue at the dwelling-house of Eli Twitchell, Inholder in Bethel, in said County, on Saturday the twenty-second day of December 1827, at two of the o'clock in the afternoon, all right, title, and interest, which Philip Mills has in and to the Lot of land on which he now resides, situated in *Andover Surplus*, in said County, by virtue of possession and improvement.

SYLVANUS TWITCHELL, } *Deputy Sheriff.*

November 10th, 1827. 176

BROWN'S DROPS FOR FITS

CONSTANTLY for sale at the Oxford Bookstore. *Nov. 14.*

FALL & WINTER GOODS.

JEREMIAH DOW.

At No. 5, Mussey's Row, Middle-Street, HAS just received a valuable assortment of **BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES**, of different colors and qualities, from 3 | 9 to 7,50 per yard.

Sattinetts; Flannels; Bockings; Rose Blankets; Camblets; Plaids; Bombazetts; 3-4 and 5-4 Bombazines; Crapes; Silks; Pongees; Norwich Crapes; Italian do.; Silk, Cassimere and Valentia Shawls and Mantles; Swansdown, Valentia, Silk and Velvet Vestings; Silk and Worsted Hosiery; Gloves; Flag and Bandanna Handkerchiefs; Palereans; Fancy Handkerchiefs; Calicoes; Furnitures; Cambrics; Muslins; Linens; Lawns; Linen Damask; Linen Cambrics; Laces; Edgings and Insertings.

—ALSO—

An extensive assortment of

Domestic GOODS;

SUCH AS

Shirtings & Sheetings---

TICKINGS, YARNS,

BATTING, &c. &c.

All of which, together with most articles usually kept in the dry goods line; being recently purchased, will afford all those who are in pursuit of good Goods and good bargains, a choice selection and well worthy the attention of the purchasers.

Portland, Oct. 24, 1827. 8w 174

NEW & FASHIONABLE GOODS;

SUITABLE for the Autumn and Winter season, are opening for sale by

JOSEPH HARROD;

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Superior, Fine and common

BROAD CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES;

Swansdown; Toilenette; Silk and Velvet Vestings; Ladies Habit and Pelisse Cloths: Grecian and Lions Skin Coating; Blue Flushing; Drab and Olive Duffils; Green, Gray and fig'd Bocking; Superior Black Merino Bombazine; 5-4 black, white and Maroon Bombazines; Worsted Bombazine and Bombazette; Rob Roy, Scotch, Norwich, and Tartan Plaid; Real Goats Hair, imitation and common Camblet; black and blue Silk Velvet; black, white, green and brown Tabby Velvet; superior and fine black Levantine; black Sinchaw, Sarsnette and Taffeta Silk; black and colored Gros de Naples Silk; Slate Pongee; black, white and scarlet

MERINO SHAWLS AND MANTLES;

Valencia; Raw Silk and Brocade Shawls; Calicoes; Ginghams; Cambrics; Muslins; 3-4 and 4-4 colored Cambric; 4-4 Soft dress'd Linen; black anp brown Linen; Russia Sheeting, Flanels; Serges; Baizes and Bocking; Gentlemen and Ladies Worsted Hose in great variety; Ladies Silk, Kid, Horse Skin and Beaver Gloves, Gentlemen's Silk, Worsted; Woolen, Beaver and Buck Skin Gloves; black and white Pearling; Garniture; Ribbons; Belt Ribbons; Brown and Bleached Shirting and Sheeting; Cotton Bedticking; Ginghams; Stripes; &c.

ALSO

Floor and Stair Carpetings; Heart Rugs; Carpet and Red Binding; Table Covers; Floor Cloths; &c. Dutch Bolting Cloths, from No. 4 to 12, at Boston prices.

Oct. 26. is3w174.

HOUSE & LAND.

FOR sale by the subscriber, a good Two-Story Dwelling HOUSE, partly finished, with Land sufficient for a good garden. Also a good new *SAWMILL*, well built, and situated on the Steep Falls, so called, where there is a good chance for timber, and a sufficiency of water for nearly the whole season. There is likewise a good privilege fo the erection of almost any kind of machinery which requires water power.—Also a number of eligible house lots on each side of the road, which are well situated, and inferior to none in the vicinity for pleasantness of situation and goodness of soil.

The above will be sold at a cheap rate, & the terms of payment will be such that almost any person can purchase it, who has any desire for property of this kind.

☞For further information please inquire of the subscriber, living on the premises.

BAILEY BODWELL.

Norway, Sept. 7, 1827. tf 167

Cordage, Cut Nails and Duck.

THOMAS BROWNE--

No. 10, Long Wharf, Portland,

AGENT for the State of Maine, for the sale of Patent Cordage, made by Robbins, of Plymouth.—Also Cut Nails and Brads of all sizes, from 3d to 50d, manufactured by Boston Iron Company. Duck, of various prices; Anchors and Chain Cables.

It is presumed that the quality, price, and time for the above articles, will give entire satisfaction.—*Portland, Aug. 14, 1827.*—1y—163

JUST received and for sale by ASA BARTON Agent, Bridgwater Collection of Sacred Music—16th edition.

Springer's Hymns, and a general assortment of Books and Stationary.

ALSO, LEDGERS, ruled in a new & convenient form. *Nov. 7.*

DO YOU WANT TO BE SHAVED!!

FOR sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, **RAZORS**, from **25** Cents to **2** Dollars each, warranted to be good, or good for nothing, at the option of the purchaser.

Also—*RITTERS* and *POMROY'S* superior Razor *STRAPS*.—☞Good shaving *SOAP, BOXES* and *BRUSHES*. Oct. 25.

COPARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

THE copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of Washburn & Williams, is this day by mutual consent, dissolved. All persons indebted to said firm are respectfully invited to make immediate payment; and it is hoped that this friendly notice will save us the trouble of resorting to a more efficient course in order to collect our dues. Debts contracted at the Store in Dixfield may be settled with Mr. Williams, and debts contracted at the Store in Livermore, with the other partner.

DAVIS WASHBURN,
J. M. WILLIAMS.

October 3, 1827. 8w 171

Notice.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is authorized to sell Elijah Skinner's patent Mantles and Fenders, in the towns in the County of Oxford in the State of Maine, that are North and East of Sweden in said County. The above mantles are a good improvement to assist the draught of smoke; and it has been sufficiently tested by good authority, that a room may be heated and kept in the same temperature of warmth with one of these mantles, with two thirds of the fuel that it would take to heat and keep it warm, with the usual made fire place. Any person in any of the above towns wishing to try the said improvement, are invited to call on the subscriber in Norway, where they can be supplied with the above mantles on reasonable terms. The subscriber is well aware that the public in general will raise objections against patents and improvements in general; but I would say to the candid and impartial public, that if they will take the trouble to make inquiry of those who have used them, that their objections would be done away. I think as there are a number in use in the Southwest part of the county, and have given general satisfaction to the purchaser; he therefore feels confident that he may with propriety recommend them to the public, and would invite them to try them for themselves. JOHN WHITMARSH.

Norway, Nov. 3, 1827. 175

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE

Fryeburg Addition or Plantation.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of Lands hereinafter mentioned, in Fryeburg Addition or Plantation, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed for collection to the undersigned Collector of said Fryeburg Addition or Plantation, for the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six, it being State, County, Plantation and School Tax, for said year A. D. 1826, in the respective sums following, viz:

Names of persons, Non-residents if known.	*No. of Lots when known.*	*No. of Division when known.*	*No. of Acres.*	*Value.*	*Tax.*
				$	$ c.
Heirs of David Page.		4	200	200	2 52
Moses Day,	20	3	25	20	25
Elijah Knox,		4	50	50	63
Heirs of John Stevens			50	56	70

The said Collector will proceed according to law, to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the Store of Jona. S. Farrington, in the said Fryeburg Addition or Plantation, on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of December, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, so much of the said Lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said Taxes and the necessary intervening charges, if no person shall appear on or before that time to discharge said taxes and charges.

JOHN GORDON, } *Collector of Taxes as aforesaid.*

Fryeburg Addition, Oct. 23, 1827. 175

NEW AND GRAND SCHEME.

Maine State Lottery,

FIRST CLASS,

FOR the encouragement of Steam Navigation, to be drawn immediately.

1	PRIZE	OF	$5000
1	"	"	$1?00
1	"	"	$1000
1	"	"	600
1	"	"	$500
1	"	"	$300
1	"	"	$278
13	"	"	$100
36	"	"	$25
72	"	"	$10
432	"		$6

And smaller prizes.

Tickets only *THREE DOLLARS*, parts in the same proportion.

☞This Scheme is one of the best that has ever been presented to the public in this State, and now is the time for adventurers to secure a fortune. The subscriber has a choice selection of the best numbers, and will be happy to wait on his customers.

*** Letters enclosing cash or Prize Tickets in other Lotteries, punctually attended to the same as on personal application.

DAVID SMITH.

Norway Village, Nov. 2, 1827.

NOTICE.

DR. NATHAN A. BRADBURY

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of *Woodstock* and vicinity, that he has taken rooms in the House of Mr. Luther Whitman, where he may be found by those who may need his professional services.

Woodstock, Oct. 23, 1827. 173

SPECTACLES.

JUST received a new and large assortment of Green and White Spectacles, from 25 cents to $1,00 per pair.

ASA BARTON, *Agent.*

November 14.

Asa Barton, Agent,

HAS received for sale, Camblets; Sattinnetts; Green, Red, Yellow, and White Flannels; Paddings; *good Buckram*; the *best of Sewing Silks and Twist*; Bombazetts; Caroline Plaids, *25 cents per yard*; American Calicoes; Ginghams; Sheetings; Shirtings, &c. ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!!

Nov. 1.

BLANKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Poetry.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE.

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

I come—my breath is on the blast!
A wreath of clouds is o'er me;
And the loveliest flowers of earth as I past,
Have wither'd and shrunk before me.
I have found the earth in its richest bloom,
I come to gather its pride to the tomb;
I have found it all with joy elate,
I come to make it desolate.

The leaves of the trees are rustling and gay,
The sheen of the river is bright as the spring—
I will blow those rustling leaves away,
I will stop the streamlet's murmuring:
I will strip of its robe the towering oak,
Its roots shall be torn and its limbs be broke;
I will howl through the waste, and the wild beasts there
At the sound of my voice shall shrink to their lair.

The eagle shall close her soaring wing,
And seek her nest on the eyrie high;
And every songster cease to sing,
At the sound of my ominous rushing by!
I will bow to the dust the gayest flowers,
And strip of their pride the fairest bowers;
I will clothe the earth in white as I come—
The winding-sheet of her wintry tomb!

S. G. F.

FROM THE SACO PALLADIUM.

Give me a little, snug farm, with learning enough to understand my bible, a little wife that can milk the cow and rock the cradle, that can sleep at night, and work all day, that can 'discourse most eloquent music' on the cheerful spinning-wheel, and hang all your Greek and Latin. The present times are too unnatural and luxurious.

Our ancestors lived well on bread and broth,
And wooed their healthy wives in homespun cloth.
Our mothers, nurtured to the nodding reel,
Gave all their daughters lessons on the wheel.
Though spinning did not much reduce the waist,
It made the food much sweeter to the taste.
They plied with honest zeal the mop & broom
And drove the shuttle thro' the noisy loom.
They never then complained as we do now,
'We have no girl to cook, nor milk the cow.'
Each mother taught her red-cheeked son and daughter
To bake, and brew, and draw a pail of water.
No damsel shunned the wash-tub, broom or pail,
To keep unsoiled a long grown finger nail.
They sought no gaudy dress, no wasp-like form,
But ate to live, and worked to keep them warm.
No idle youth, no tight-laced, mincing fair,
Became a living corpse for want of air.
No fidgets, faintings, fits, nor frightful blues;
No painful corns from wearing Chinese shoes.

VARIETY.

SWIFTNESS, &C. OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

Rattlesnakes hunt and secure for their prey, with ease, gray squirrels that abound in our woods; therefore they must be possessed of swiftness to obtain them. Having enjoyed the pleasure of beholding such a chase in full view, in the year 1821, I shall detail its circumstances:—Whilst lying on the ground, to watch the habits of a bird which was new to me, previous to shooting it, I heard a smart rustling not far from me, and turning my head that way, saw, at the same moment, a gray squirrel, full grown, issuing from the thicket, and bouncing off in a straight direction, in leaps of several feet at a time; and, not more than twenty feet behind, a rattlesnake of ordinary size, pursuing, drawn out, apparently, to its full length, and sliding over the ground so rapidly, that, as they both moved away from me, I was at no loss to observe the snake gain upon the squirrel. The squirrel made for a tree, and ascended its topmost branches as nimbly as squirrels are known to do. The snake performed the same task considerably more slowly, yet, so fast, that the squirrel never raised its tail nor barked, but eyed the enemy attentively as he mounted and approached. When within a few yards, the squirrel leaped to another branch, and the snake followed by stretching out two-thirds of its body, whilst the remainder held it securely from falling. Passing thus from branch to branch, with a rapidity that astonished me, the squirrel went in and out of several holes, but remained in none, knowing well, that wherever his head could enter, the body of his antagonist would follow; and, at last, much exhausted and terrified took a desperate leap, and came to the earth with legs and tail spread to their utmost, to ease the fall. That instant the snake dropped also, and was within a few yards of the squirrel before it begun making off. The chase on land again took place, and ere the squirrel could reach another tree, the snake had seized it by the back, near the occiput, and soon rolled itself about it in such a way, that, although I heard the cries of the victim, I scarcely saw any portion of its body. So full of its ultimate object was the snake, that it paid no attention to me, and I approached it to see in what manner it would dispose of its prey. A few minutes elapsed, when I saw the reptile loosening gradually and opening its folded coils, until the squirrel was left entirely disengaged, having been killed by suffocation. The snake then raised its body from the ground, and passed its head over the dead animal in various ways, to assure itself that life had departed; it then took the end of the squirrel's tail, swallowed it gradually. Stringing first one and then the other at the hind legs parallel with it, and sucked with difficulty, and for some time, at them and the rump of the animal, until its jaws became so expanded, that, after this, it swallowed the whole remaining parts with apparent ease. This mass of food was removed several inches from the head in the stomach of the snake, and gave it the appearance of a rouleau of money, brought both ends of a purse towards its centre; for, immediately after the operation of swallowing was completed, the jaws and neck resumed their former appearance.—The snake then attempted to move off, but this was next to impossible; when, having cut a twig, I went up to it, and tapped it on the head, which it raised, as well as its tail, and began for the first time to rattle. I was satisfied that, for some lapse of time, it could not remove far, and that, the woods being here rather thin, it would soon become the victim of a vulture. I then killed it, and cut it open, to see how the squirrel lay within. I had remarked, that after the process of swallowing was completed, singular movements of the body had taken place; a kind of going to and fro for a while, not unlike the convulsive motions of a sick animal, as a dog, for instance, going to vomit. I concluded that some internal and necessary operation was going on. This was proved, when I found the squirrel lying perfectly smooth, even to its hair, from its nose to the tip of its tail. I noted all this on the spot. This over, I sought my game again, and felt a great satisfaction; but having met my friend, Mr. James Perry, on whose lands, in Louisiana, I was then hunting, and having related what had just happened, he laughingly said, "Why, my dear sir, I could have told you this long ago, it being nothing new to me." These facts, I trust, are quite sufficient to exemplify the faculties of swiftness, and the powers of extension and diminution, in the rattlesnake.—*Mr. Audubon's Notes on the Rattlesnake.*

CHARACTER.

We present our readers to-day with a very interesting account of South American manners, from our obliging correspondent, who favored us with an extract of a letter, a short time since. The manners and habits of the natives of Chili and Peru are but little known and are described by our friend with all the ease and graphic effect of a long and familiar acquaintance. Such sketches are, in our opinion, infinitely more useful, as well as entertaining, than the political speculations concerning the governments of South America, which are so common. We hope to receive some more of those familiar pictures of manners and fashions in the new world of South America. *Prov. Journ.*

The inhabitants of Chili and Peru are so very similar in appearance and manners, that what is said of one will apply to the other. The Chilian men, are, perhaps, more grave than those of Peru. But the women of both countries are nearly alike, very sociable, gay, and fond of strangers especially Americans. They have no taste in dress, [except the ladies in the larger seaports of Chili, who are fast getting into the English style] no female delicacy, and in fact, but very little modesty. They are very fond of music and dancing. The most common dances are the waltz and fandango. The last is often described as indecent, but I never could see any thing improper in it. It is this: a lady sings and accompanies her voice with the guitar to which a lady and gentleman dance.—The plan of the fandango consists in the man's attempting to meet his partner face to face, which she constantly avoids by passing dexterously and gracefully, either to the left or right of him. As the dance progresses the music becomes livelier and the motions of the performers quicker, and it concludes by both parties meeting in the middle of the floor. The *steps* in the fandango are, on the part of the man, a kind of shuffling which produces a sound like the galloping of a horse, and which it seems designed to imitate, as the South Americans are in reality a species of Centaur from infancy. The lady moves with a light, graceful, and noiseless step. The people are generally very inquisitive about American affairs, but can hardly believe that we have no gold or silver mines, which they seem to think constitute the real wealth of nations. The inhabitants of the interior are very hospitable. I was told by a gentleman that had travelled 2000 miles in the country, that a Peruvian farmer would feel affronted if asked for a drink of water. A large jar of wine or chica with a cup attached to it, stands in almost every house for the use of the family and travellers. They have also a singular custom at table. If any one takes a fancy to a particular morsel in his neighbor's possession, he immediately appropriates it to his own use, without ceremony, at the same time permitting reprisals to be made from his own plate. This does not proceed from rudeness, but is a kind of pledge of friendship and hospitality.

The table furniture of almost every house consists of spoons and forks of rough hammered silver, some of the former weigh four or five ounces. There are no knives, as every man is supposed to be provided with one, the women using those of the nearest men to them. I attended the funeral of an infant child of a fisherman near Coquimbo, which was rather a festive occasion. The female part of the company were employed in comforting the mother, by assuring her that her babe had gone directly to heaven, without performing quarantine at the immediate port of purgatory; but the tear of nature had dimmed the eye of religious faith, and she saw only the dead child. The father was made, however, of different stuff. He was as the servant girl in Guy Mannering says, "very particularly drunk." The other men seemed convinced of the truth of Robert Burn's maxim,

"Give him strang drink,
Until he wink
That's press'd wi' grief and care
And liquor gude
To fire his blued
That's sinking in despair."

And were accordingly in "*gurgitating*" as fast as possible, in order to *support* the master of the house in a becoming manner.

THE CONJUGATING DUTCHMAN.

We know not where the following story came from; but, as it gives a droll picture of a methodical and persevering Dutchman, it may not prove unentertaining. Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables and looking around with the most stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the two Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived at Paris. At this the grave looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spake: 'I arrive,' said he, 'thou arrivest, he arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive.' The Englishmen whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked, 'Did you speak to me, sir?' 'I speak,' replied the stranger, 'thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak.' 'How is this!' said the Englishman, 'do you mean to insult me?' The other replied, 'I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult.' 'This is too much,' said the Englishman; 'I will have satisfaction—if you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me.' To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied 'I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come;' and thereupon he arose with great coolness and followed his challenger. In those days, when every gentleman wore a sword, duels were speedily dispatched. They went into a neighboring alley, and the Englishman unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist, 'Now, Sir, you must fight me.' 'I fight,' replied the other, drawing his sword, 'thou fightest, he fights, we fight'—here he made a thrust, 'you fight, they fight;' and here he disarmed his adversary. 'Well,' said the Englishman, 'you have the best of it and I hope you are satisfied.' 'I am satisfied,' said the original, sheathing his sword, 'thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, we are satisfied, they are satisfied.' 'I am glad every body is satisfied,' said the Englishman, 'but pray leave off quizzing me in this strange manner, and tell me what is your object, if you have any in doing so.' The grave gentleman now, for the first time, became intelligible. 'I am a Dutchman,' said he, and am learning your language. I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do; I don't like to have my peace broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you this before.' The Englishmen laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them. 'I will dine,' replied he, 'thou wilt dine, he will dine, we will dine, you will dine, they will dine, we will all dine together.' This they accordingly did, and it was difficult to say whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with most perseverance.

This story is quite parallel to an occurrence in the western part of Kentucky some years ago. A little travelling Frenchman chanced to breakfast at a tavern in company with a tall, boney, Jonathan, whose appetite was in proportion to the magnitude of his frame, and who ate more at a meal than little Monsieur would have done in a week. The Frenchman was astonished at his gastronomic performances, and after restraining his curiosity for some time, asked with a flourishing bow—"*Sare vill you be so polite as tell me is dat your breakfass or you dinnair, vat you make?*" The Yankee at first made no reply; but Monsieur, not satisfied, again asked—"*Do, Sare, ave de politess to tell me is dat you breakfass or you dinnair, vat you make?*" "Go to the d——l," says Jonathan, feeling himself insulted. A challenge ensued, and the Kentucky rifle proved too much for the little Frenchman's vitality. While he was writhing in his last agonies, Jonathan's compassion was awakened, and he entreated the little Frenchman if there was any thing that he could do for him, though it should cost him years to perform it, to let him know, and it should be done. "*O Monsieur,*" replied the little dying man, "*tell me, vas dat your dinnair or your breakfass, dat you did make, an I vill die happie.*"—*N. Y. Statesman.*

WOOL FLANNELS.

WANTED by the subscriber a large quantity of *COUNTRY FLANNELS* (in the raw state) Fulled and Pressed Cloths, for which Goods will be given in exchange, at the lowest prices.

HENRY POOR.

FRESH FALL GOODS

(AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.)

HENRY POOR,

NO. 3, UNION ROW, MIDDLE-STREET, PORTLAND,

HAS just received for sale, a Choice and extensive STOCK of Silk, Linen, Cotton and Woollen GOODS, consisting in part of Prints, Patches, Levantines; Gros de Naples, colored, slate, brown, &c.; Grecian Stripes and Dresses, a beautiful and new article; Caspian Stripes, an elegant article for Dresses; Crapes, Striped and Plaid Silks, &c. &c.

—*ALSO*—

Blues, Blacks, Olives, Drab, Claret, Oxford, Steel, Haresback and French Mixt

Broadcloths & Cassimeres,

Embracing a great variety of Colors and Qualities, which are selling off exceedingly *CHEAP*, for Cash. Real Goat's hair *CAMBLETS*, Super Imitation Do. Common Camblets, at 2/6 the yard; Plaids; Bockings; Flannels; Hosiery; Gloves; Braces; Real Lion Skin Coatings; Dafills; Sattinetts; Tickings; Sheetings; Shirtings; Bleached and Sea Island Sheetings and Shirtings, &c. &c.

—*ALSO*—

Just received (of the present year's growth, and first rate quality,)

ONE TON

LIVE GEESE FEATHERS.

15 SACKS RUSSIA DO.

10 DO. COMMON DO.

ALL TO BE SOLD VERY CHEAP.

N. B. Ready made TICKS and BEDS filled at short notice. Prompt and particular attention given to Orders. Buyers will not find it amiss to call before they purchase. 171

GREAT STOCK OF FALL GOODS!!!

G. C. LYFORD,

NO. 6, BOYD'S BUILDINGS, MIDELE-STREET,

HAS just received a very large assortment of Fresh Imported and Domestic Dry GOODS, purchased *as low* and will be sold *as cheap* as at any other store in the State. The following *GOODS* are part of his Stock, viz.

Black Figured and Plain Bombazetts—Plain Colored and Figured do.—Figured Salisbury Flannels—Rattinetts—Caroline Plaids and Stripes—Red, Green, Yellow, and White Flannels—Green Bockings—Tartan, Norwich and real Scotch Plaids—Real Goat's hair, imitation Goat's hair and common Camblets—colored Surges for Cloak Linings—Black, Blue and Brown Hair Plushes—Real Mareno, Brocade, English Crape and Valentia Red & White Shawls—Bor'd Cass' Shawls—Red & White Raw Silk and Valentia Mantles—Fine assortment of broad Black London Bombazines—Narrow Bombazines and Norwich Crapes for Mantles—300 pieces Dark and Light Calicoes from 1s to 2-6—50 pieces Copperplates and Furnitures—black and white Silk, and Black and Slate Worsted Hose for Ladies—Gentlemen's long and short Black and Mix't Worsted Hose—Gentlemen's real Buckskin, Norway Doe and Beaver Gloves—Ladie's black and white Silk, Paris Kid, common Kid, Beaver, wash Leather, Hareskin, Fleecy lined and Fur lined Gloves—double chain black Levantines—elegant striped Levantines—black Synchaw, Sarsnetts, Taffetas and Florence Silks—black and colored stout Gros de Naples Silks—figured, shaded and plaided Gros de Naples—Pink, Blue, White and Straw Florences—black and colored Canton Crapes—black, brown and slate Pangees—elegant figured Silk—Barage & Gauze Handkerchiefs—double ground black & white Lace Veils—4-4 & 5-4 Bobbinett Laces for Veils—great variety real Thread, Bobbinett and Mecklin Laces and Edgings—Plain and Figured Swiss Muslins—Plain and Figured Book Muslins—Jackanett and Mull Muslins—Plain, Figured, Cord'd and Check'd Cambricks—Linen Cambricks, and Linen Cambrick Handkerchiefs—Common Cambrick Handk'fs, and Long Lawns—Gentlemen's White, Figured, Checked and Striped Cravats—Elegant Battist Cravats—Very Large and Fine Flag and Bandanna Handkerchiefs—Common Flag and Bandanna Handk'fs—black Silk Handkerchiefs—Irish Linens, all prices and qualities—6-4 7-4 8-4 and 10-4 Linen Damasks—Plaid Table Covers—Oil Cloths—Great variety Garniture, Belt, Cap and Lustring Ribbons—black and green Italian Crapes—Black and White Press'd Crapes—Green Gauze and Gauze Veils—Elegant Habit Buttons, Frogs and Cords—Gimps and Pipings—black and slate colored Cambrics—Elegant Battist and English Ginghams—silk and cotton Umbrellas—Factory Sheetings & Shirtings Bleached and Unbleached—Tickings—Checks—Ginghams—Pelisse Wadding—black and brown Linens—1400 lbs good Cotton Batting at 12 1-2 cents per pound—Sewing Thread, Silks Buttons, Paddings, and Buckrams—6-4 7-4 8-4 9-4 10-4 11-4 and 12-4 Gott's best Rose Blankets, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

A much larger assortment of Cloths and Cassimeres than he has ever had before, almost all new and fresh, and the greater part purchased entirely at Auction within the last fortnight, and will be sold BARGAINS! The cloths consists of Blue, Mixt, Olive, Brown Ladie's Habit Cloths—Blue and Colored Pelisse Cloths—Blue, Black, Olive, Brown and Mixt, Fine, Superfine and Extra Super **BROADCLOTHS**—Black, Blue, and Fancy Colored Cassimeres.—LIKEWISE, Elegant London Vestings—Tarbinett, Valentia, Swansdown, black Silk and black Velvet Vestings.

G. C. LYFORD

Will also receive in the course of a week. ONE CASE more of first quality LADIES LEGHORN BOLIVAR HATS—*very cheap!!*

Portland, October 5, 1827. 8w 171

THE ARIEL,

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE ARIEL is published every other Saturday, by E. Morris, No. 2 Carter's Alley, Philadeldhia, each number containing 8 quarto pages, with entirely new type, on fine paper, at *one dollar per annum*, payable in advance.—The first number was embellished with a finely engraved likeness of *Meriwether Lewis*, the explorer of the Mississippi. No. 4 contains an engraved view of *Mr. Owen's residence* at New-Harmony, Indiana.—No. 9 contains an engraved portrait of *Simon Snyder*, late Governor of Pennsylvania.—Other embellishments will accompany some of the succeeding numbers. The Ariel is devoted to literary subjects exclusively, and has met with a success far exceeding the most sanguine expectations of the publisher. A few complete sets yet remain on hand, which will be sent to any post office whither they may be ordered, provided the subscription accompanies the order. Any person who will procure six subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a copy gratis for one year. All letters must be post paid, to insure attention. Address EDMUND MORRIS, *Philadelphia.*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.

TAKEN on Execution and to be sold at Public Vendue, at the *Store* of ENOCH CORDWELL, in Greenwood, on Friday the THIRTIETH day of November next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity of redemption, which ARTEMAS FELT has in and to the homestead farm on which he now lives, in said Greenwood, the same having been previously attached on the original writ;—It being the same land conveyed to James Riggs, by mortgage deed, bearing date October 5th, Anno Domini 1822, and recorded in the registry of deeds for said County, book 22d, Page 93, to secure the payment of three hundred dollars and interest, from said fifth day of October, reference to said record, being had for a more particular description, unless previously redeemed.

DANIEL HOLT *Deputy Sheriff.*

Greenwood, Oct. 25th, 1827.

JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the Gross, Dozen or Single, the *MAINE FARMER'S ALMANAC*, for the year of our Lord 1828.

☞ Traders supplied on liberal terms.

Sold also at retail by Thomas Crocker, Esq. Maj. John Dennett, Messrs. Morse & Hall, Paris. Mr. Nathan Atwood, Nathaniel Harlow, Esq. buckfield. John R. *Briggs*, Esq. Woodstock. Increase Robinson, William Cox and Jeremiah Mitchell, Norway.

THE OBSERVER

Is published every Thursday Morning, by

ASA BARTON

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